SERIAL STORY

LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

By

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scene at a box party. Miss Henrietta Winstanley, sister of Bishop Winstanley overheard Banker Ankony propose to Barbara Hemingray, whose brother Dan was in his employ. Dan was one of the town's popular young men. He showed some nervousness when Attorney Tom Twining told him Barbara refused Ankony. Ankony the following day, summoning Twining, accused Dan of looting the bank. Twining refused to prosecute.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"He stole the money—" he broke in.

"Yes, I know he did. I'm not exonerating him; I'm not trying to. It was a crime, and I recognize it, of course, and your right to prosecute, if you are so determined. But put yourself in his place if you can. He is simply prodigal in his kindness. There are more people in town to-day who have been buoyed up and brightened by him than by any other man, old or young. Maybe he did take your money to help do it. But as much as he ever expected to do anything he expected to pay it all back. He stinted himself; it was only with others he was generous. And then his sister—he wanted to make things easy for her if he could. He was ashamed to admit that he couldn't keep it up. Foolish? Of course it was foolish. But you admire him a little for trying to carry his end of the Hemingray string as it had always been kept up, don't you? You see what it has already cost him. Don't make it cost him everything he's got. Give him another chance. He'll redeem himself. You'll see. Try him."

"You ask too much."

"Too much! I only ask what you've done for fellows that were rascals and deep-dyed culprits. Surely you can give him the leniency you gave them. As for the bad influence, there won't be any, as you must admit, since no one knows of it, nor will know of it if you do as I ask. Let the boy go, Ankony."

"I can't."

"Rubbish. Will you?"

"I will not, Mr. Twining. I must proceed with the prosecution."

I pulled myself in hand with a strong effort.

"If I did what I want to do, I'd throttle you, Ankony," I said, and I went out and shut the door between him and my rage, which was becoming ungovernable.

I spent the rest of the morning in a determined effort to find something to change the course of events and save Dan. But all my determination and eagerness went for nothing. There was absolutely nothing I could lay hands upon. Ankony was inexorable and vindictive. And no help could come outside of Ankony. There was no further appeal to be made to him.

As I was leaving the office on a further search, which, I admitted even as I undertook it, promised nothing, I ran face to face with Barbara in the hallway. A glance at her showed me that she knew. She had smiled through losses and bereavement and pain, but she was not smiling now. The Hemingrays knew how to meet vicissitude but not dishonor. Shame had burned the brightness from her eyes and seared dry that deeper well of cheer in her brave heart.

She looked at me dimly, as if in that acute moment I did not enter in, and she could not concentrate her half-paralyzed faculties upon me. It was startling to see her so. Her face, without a smile, smote me. An agony of longing to do something, say something, offer something of help, was upon me, but I felt its futility. What could I do, with bound hands?

I bowed to her and moved on to my further office. At the door, however, I turned to look after her, and was astonished to see her pause before Ankony's office. Then I understood: She was going to intercede for Dan. As the comprehension swept over me, I called to her. I would not have her humiliate herself uselessly. But she did not hear me, and passed in, and I told myself that perhaps, after all, she might move him; certainly any man—but Ankony was a monster, not a man. His pride was always keener than his emotion, and his pride was smarting.

I left my door open to be ready if there should be anything I could do for her, but when she came down the hall Ankony was with her. He was all deference and attention, radiating satisfaction and triumph. Yet Barbara was smiling—not the old smile, to be sure, but as if in tremendous relief—and the despair had faded from her eyes, while her head was lifted with the old proud poise, and her step was not leaden as it had been when she passed down the hall.

"Perhaps your brother might like to go to join my brother Jack for a while," Ankony was saying, as they passed my door. "The company rather needs him out there, and he might find the change pleasant."

So she had gained Dan's freedom—his one more chance!

I went out to tramp and settle my nerves. I needed to readjust myself to the situation. When I came back I found my resignation, which I had sent to Ankony several hours earlier, lying on my desk. It had been returned to me with a note from him saying the company refused to consider it, as the reason for my urging it had been removed, and it was therefore hoped that our former relations might continue.

I tore the note and the resignation across.

"So much for the charm and the persuasive powers of a woman," I muttered. "No man is adamant."

CHAPTER III.

"Felicitate me," commanded Mrs. Jack Ankony the next day, as she brought her cart up to the curb and leaned down to me with a smile of complete satisfaction.

"Gladly, if you will give me a new reason for it," I replied. "There are so many well-known ones, but I have heard of nothing new. What is it?"

"Flatterer! But, really, don't you know? Haven't you heard? Am I actually to be the news-bearer?"

"I know nothing, I assure you. I never hear things, Mrs. Ankony, until everyobdy else has heard them. Do take pity on me, won't you?"

"But I supposed you would have heard—you, of all people, not to know! Why, it's in all the papers. That is, it's going to be to-night."

"But I am not the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, you know; I can't read the future, nor the papers till they come out."

She made a funny little mouth. "If you tease me, Mr. Twining, perhaps I shan't tell you."

"Oh, but you will," I smiled; "nothing could keep you from it."

"Frankly, nothing could," she laughingly admitted.

"Then tell me, do," I begged.

She leaned down to me, composing her face from merriment to tranquility.

"I'm the happiest woman in town to-day; the charming Miss Hemingray is to marry my husband's brother. Don't you think I have a right to be?"

I had just strength to stoop and pat the head of a ridiculous spaniel that

"I Do Believe You Like Him," She Declared.

sprang out of the cart and frisked about my feet.

"Are you surprised?" she challenged.

I continued to fondle the spaniel.

"I'm never surprised at anything, Mrs. Ankony."

"Oh, how like a very old person that sounds!"

"I am old—very old, in experience."

Mrs. Ankony nodded ready assent. "So I should have said, Mr. Twining, but you are also very clever."

I stood up with recovered equilibrium.

"What a pleasant exchange of compliments!" I observed.

"Do you know," she remarked thoughtfully, "it seems rather a pity we should have known each other so slightly, Mr. Twining. I believe we have each missed something by it."

"The loss I am sure is all mine, and I have often regretted it. Is it, do you think, too late to remedy so lamentable a matter?" I inquired, trying to rise to the situation as a half-hearted fish rises to the fly.

"It is just possible we may see more of each other now since my brother is very fond of having his friends about him, and, as you are one of his wife's—dear me! how premature I am, but then one is certain there will be no slip here, and that she will be his wife—one of Miss Hemingray's greatest friends — you are, aren't you?"

"She has none better," I replied.

"Yes, so I thought, and of course Edward will wish her to continue to see her old acquaintances and friends just as before, so I dare say we may often meet."

I writhed inwardly beneath her pretty patronage, and understood in a measure little Henrietta Winstanley's feelings for her.

"But in the meantime," she continued pleasantly, "I hope you will come to see Cecelia and me. Good-by. Remember, we shall expect you." She gathered up the reins and then thought better of leaving me to find my way afoot up the avenue.

"Why not let me give you a lift?" she asked.

"Thank you, but I am leaving the avenue a block or two up."

"Ah, too bad! Bless me, look at this, pray! Here is Cecelia now—my cousin Miss Streeter, you know—and the bishop."

"The bishop?" I echoed. "What bishop?"

She laughed gaily.

"I don't wonder you are surprised," she said; "Bishop Winstanley," and, as we turned to look at them, she could not help the complacent little tuck her lips took. I did not blame her for it.

"How she fits her name, doesn't she?" I exclaimed.

"Cecelia? Why, yes, I suppose so. Oh, and the bishop is such a dear! Cecelia is an ardent horsewoman, and when he found we had no good mount in our stable—I never ride, you know—what does he do but insist upon bringing her one of his. Splendid fellow."

"The mount?" I inquired.

"And the bishop," she smiled back at me. "Now, if you will, you may hand my dog up. I almost forgot him in the excitement of the minute."

I chased him over the grass and captured him finally, tongue out.

"Poor dear, you must forgive him the exercise he made you take. He is so playful. He doesn't know how tiresome playfulness is."

I handed him up with a caress. I was remembering the turn he had served me.

"I do believe you like him," she declared.

"I do. But I am killing a little time, if I must acknowledge the truth; I am waiting to see the bishop and Miss Streeter go by. How slowly they come!"

"They look well together, don't they?" she murmured critically.

"The ensemble is perfect," I said.

"How quaint you are!" she laughed.

We turned with smiles and bows to the bishop and his companion. They were indeed imposing. The Sistine bowed guardedly, as if she feared to disarrange her halo, and the bishop beamed, a little guiltily, it seemed to me. Later I found it to be another case of the mouse and the absent cat.

Mrs. Ankony whirled along in the opposite direction after they had gone, and in a blur of emotions I hurried down the avenue, not sure where I meant to bring up, but presently finding myself ascending the Winstanley steps. I was not clearly conscious of my reason for wanting to see Henrietta Winstanley just then except that she always clarified things for me—and certainly they had never needed it worse than now.

To my great disappointment, I found that she had gone out of town to join an invalid friend, and that her return and destination were not known at home, depending as they did upon the caprice of the friend. Her servant thought it probable, however, that she would not be back in town for several weeks, perhaps a month.

I turned from her door in the deepest regret, but my tumbling thoughts had already begun to steady themselves into something resembling calm, and I saw things a little more clearly: One thing I perceived with startling clearness, and that was that Barbara had given herself for Dan's liberty and good name.

What it meant to her drove away, for the moment, all thought of what it meant to me, but later my own rebellion arose and rioted—to no end. It was indeed the hopelessness of it all that smote me from the beginning. I felt like a paralyzed man in a fire. But he listens for the sound of his rescuers, and for me there could be no help. There had been but one way to save Dan—a way so hideous it had not even suggested itself to me, but Barbara, loving him as she did and determined to save him, had thought of it at once and had not hesitated to take it, monstrous as it was in its cruelty.

That Dan could accept so high a price of her astonished me, but I knew that she dominated him in the affairs of their every-day life, and I could understand that, sick as he was with despair and remorse, he would yield to her fierce persuasion, without at first realizing just what she was offering for his honor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Height of Praise.

The limit of praise for food was reached the other day in the Sixth avenue restaurant in New York, where the old-fashioned confidential waiters are still to be found. A man well known to the place came in very late at night for supper and asked the man who had taken his order for years: "What's good to-day." "I'll tell you, sir," was the reply, "we've just got some clams in, fresh from the water and (this in a whisper) I don't mind telling you, sir, they're so good the waiters are eating 'em themselves."

The Test of a Great Soul.

He was simply and sternly true to his duty, alike in the large case and in the small. So all true souls ever are. So every true soul ever was, ever is and ever will be. There is nothing little to the really great soul. —Dickens.

Much Easier.

"It would be quite a bit easier to forgive and forget," remarked the observer of men and things, "if the coal man did not usually handle ice also." —Brooklyn Citizen.

Point Sometimes Overlooked.

"De man dat squeezes a dollar too hard," said Uncle Eben, "is liable to lose his grip on de coin an' have sore fingers besides."

Chief Asset.

The chief asset of humanity is the conviction that the game is worth while. To lose that would mean universal bankruptcy.—Collier's.

Paul a Prisoner —The Arrest

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 3, 1909

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 21:17-22:29. Memory verses Acts 21:39.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2:3.

TIME.—Paul arrived at Jerusalem Friday, May 27. The feast of Pentecost was Saturday, May 28. The mob was during the following week, about June 1.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, at the home of James, or the meeting place of the church, and in the Temple Courts.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

The Reception to Paul by the Church of Jerusalem.—Vs. 17-20. Paul and His Company. Paul did not come alone to Jerusalem, but was accompanied by Luke, his beloved physician ("we"), Trophimus of Ephesus (Acts 21:29), and probably Aristarchus of Thessalonica (Acts 27:2). Rendall thinks that all who are mentioned as beginning the journey with Paul (Acts 20:4) continued with him to the end at Jerusalem; thus adding to those mentioned above, Sopater of Berea, Secundus of Thessalonica, Gaius of Derbe, Timothy of Lystra, and Tychicus of Ephesus (Eph. 6:21). The number and character of these men have made an impression on the Christians of Jerusalem.

The Gifts from the Gentile Churches were probably presented at this time (Acts 24:17).

The First Welcome on the day they arrived was one of private and personal greetings, which were expressions of gladness, after so long a separation. It was seven years since Paul had made any prolonged stay at Jerusalem (Acts 15).

The Impending Crisis.—Vs. 20-26. The settlement, seven or eight years before, by vote of the whole church at Jerusalem, of the great question whether the Gentiles must keep the Jewish laws and ceremonies in order to belong to the Christian church, did not change the opinions of all the Jewish Christians. Large numbers of them were intensely zealous for the keeping of the law, for it was divine. They had heard vague rumors of Paul's teaching and conduct that he taught that not only the Gentiles, but even the Jews, need not keep the law of Moses.

Paul refused to set up his opinion against theirs in a case which did not involve principle.

Paul Mobbed in the Temple Court —Vs. 27-31.

Some Jews from the region of Ephesus who had been in conflict with Paul there, or at least knew of his teaching there, saw Paul in the inner court where the Gentiles were forbidden to come. They had also seen one of the Ephesian Gentile Christians walking with Paul around the city. Putting these two facts together they imagined that Paul had brought this Greek Gentile within the forbidden court; contrary to fact. Anyone could enter the outer court of the Gentiles. This cry aroused the whole Jewish crowd in the Temple courts. The Jews laid violent hands on Paul, dragged him out of the court of the women, through the Gate Beautiful, then down the steps into the Court of the Gentiles, where they tried to kill him.

The Rescue.—Vs. 31-39 31. The "chief captain" was equivalent to our colonel, i.e., captain over a regiment of a thousand men. His name was Claudius Lysias (Acts 23:26). "Of the band." A Roman cohort, the tenth part of a legion, or about six hundred men.

"Centurions." Captains of a hundred.

"Bound with two chains." One from each of his arms to a soldier on each side of him (compare Acts 12:6). This secured the prisoner, yet left him free to walk away with his guards when the detachment was marched off.

"He was borne of the soldiers." No sooner had he got on the stairs than the mob made a rush for him, but owing to his fetters he was carried along with the soldiers. When the top of the stairs had been reached, Paul asked, and was granted permission to speak.

Paul's Address from the Castle Stairs. — Acts 21:40—22:23. Paul stood on the castle stairway, chained to a soldier.

He spoke in Hebrew with which all Jews were familiar.

Paul's address was courteous and conciliatory. He showed how strong and active a Jew he had been. He then gave the arguments and reasons which convinced himself, and ought to convince them.

He had found the Messiah whom all Jews longed for.

The Jews listened to Paul till he spoke of his mission to the Gentiles, and then the flames of their wrath burst forth like the fires of a volcano. They cried out in their rage, they rent their clothes, they threw dust into the air.

Within the Castle. The Soldiers About to Torture Paul to Compel Him to Confess.

Paul Saved by His Roman Citizenship.—Acts 22: 24:29. The Roman commander ordered that Paul should be compelled, by torture, to confess his compelled, by torture, to confess his crimes. While they were binding Paul, he asked the officer if it was lawful for them to scourge a Roman citizen uncondemned. The chief commander was called, and learning that Paul was a free born Roman citizen, he at once stayed the proceedings pending further inquiries, which he conducted in person. The claim of Roman citizenship was instantly allowed

WESTERN CANADA

During the early days in the period of the growth of the grain crop in Western Canada, as well as throughout the ripening and garnering period, there is yearly growing an increasing interest throughout the United States, as to the results when harvest is completed. These mean much to the thousands of Americans who have made their homes in some of the three Provinces that form that vast agricultural domain, and are of considerable interest to the friends they have left behind.

The year 1909 is no disappointment The crops of wheat, oats and barley have been harvested and it is now safe to speak of results. Careful estimates place the yield of spring wheat

A Central Canada Farmer Finishing Cutting His 70-Acre Field of Wheat

at 30 bushels per acre, winter wheat at over 40 bushels, and oats exceed 50 bushels per acre. Barley also has proved an abundant yield. What will attract the reading public more than volumes of figures will be the fact that those who have been induced through the influence of the Government to accept of 160 acres of free grant land; or, by the persuasion of friends to leave their home State of Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Nebraska or the other States from which people have gone, have done well. Financially, they are in a better position than many of them ever expected to be, and in the matter of health, in social conditions, they have lost nothing.

One person who has just returned from a trip through the Lethbridge District, where winter wheat has a strong hold with farmers, says:

"We saw some magnificent sights. The crops were, in fact, all that could be desired."

In a few years from now these great plains over whose breadth for years roved hundreds of thousands of herds of cattle, following the millions of buffalo that once grazed their grasses, will be a solid grain field covering a territory of over 30,000 square miles, and very little of it but what will yet be worth from $40 to $60 per acre. Already the homestead and pre-emption lands are being well filled.

In the district of Calgary, south, east and north, which comprises Nanton, High River and other equally important districts, a correspondent of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press says: (Aug. 21) "The grain in this district is going to make some money for the farmers this year. All the crop is now crowding along and is good on both irrigated and unirrigated lands."

There are to be found those who speak of a "pioneering" life in western Canada, but as one man said, "if this is pioneering I don't for the life of me see what our forefathers had to complain of." He didn't know, though, for the pioneering of his forefathers was discomfort and hardship. The opening up and development of western Canada, with its railroad lines to carry one to almost the uttermost part of it, the telegraph line to flash the news to the outside world, the telephone to talk to one's neighbor, the daily and weekly mail service which brings and carries letters to the friends in distant parts; the schools headed by college-bred and highly certificated teachers; the churches manned by brilliant divines; the clubs; the social and festive life; what is there about any of this to give to the man who goes there to make his home the credit of being a pioneer? Nothing! He might as well be in any of the old middle-west States. In other parts of the world the production of wheat is diminishing today; but as it diminishes Canada's will increase; therefore, it is safe to predict that in a few years from now a large part of the world will be looking to western Canada for its wheat supply, and especially will the United States. In many parts of western Canada it is possible to have a hundred-mile square of wheat, without a break. A writer says: "We were driven west and north of Moose Jaw through 20 miles of dead ripe wheat, acres of stocks and well-worked summer-fallows. One of these fields would yield 40 bushels to the acre, and another man had oats that would yield 90 or 100 bushels to the acre. In this district wheat will average 30 to 35 bushels. The conditions were never better and throughout the district the people are assured of a most prosperous year."

It would be unfair to close this article without quoting from an expert crop-correspondent regarding the two Battlefords in Central Saskatchewan, on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Writing on August 18th of this year, he says:

"It is necessary to drive about six or seven miles out of the town of North Battleford in order to see the best crops of the district. This morning I was driven about 20 miles to the north and west of the town and in all the drive did not see a poor crop. I saw one wheat crop which the owner estimates will yield 40 bushels per acre, and I believe it."

He then crossed the Saskatchewan river to the South town, or Battleford proper, and continues his report:

"Conditions around the old town are as good if not better than those to the north of the river. This district has much the best wheat crop prospect of any I have inspected this year, considering sample and yield. The weather conditions for the whole season have been ideal and the result is what might easily be termed a bumper crop. A sample sheaf brought in from the farm of George Truscott was shown to me which spoke for itself. This farmer is said to have sixty acres which will yield 45 bushels per acre.

In stating an average for the district of South Battleford I would say that the wheat will yield 36 bushels per acre. The oats will yield about 45 and barley 35 bushels per acre."

A correspondent summing up a trip over the Canadian Northern Railway, from Dauphin to Battleford, says:

"As I inspected the crops in the various districts I found the farmers and other citizens without exception filled with expectant enthusiasm over this year's prospects. No district was found which could not boast of fields of 35 bushels per acre wheat, or 50 to 60 bushels per acre oats, and of 40 bushels per acre of barley.'

It is not an unusual thing in many parts of western Canada for a farmer to have 10,000 to 30,000 bushels of wheat. In the Rouleau district it is said that there are several farmers who will have 20,000 bushels of oats any many fields will return one hundred bushels to the acre.

It takes an army of men to handle theWestern Canada crop, and it is estimated that 30,000 people have been brought in this year to assist in the great undertaking; there being excursions from the outside world nearly every day for the past six weeks.

A Specimen Group of Elevators That May Be Seen in Many Towns in Central Canada